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PRESIDENT

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THE OFFICIAL NEWSPAPER.

March 29, 1909.

Territory of New Mexico, Office of the Secretary.
Public notice is hereby given that in compliance with Section 9 of Council Substitute for House Bill No. 213 of the Thirty-eighth legislative assembly, approved March 17, 1909, requiring the Secretary of the Territory to designate an official newspaper of New Mexico, The Albuquerque Citizen is hereby designated as such official newspaper of New Mexico. (Signed,) NATHAN JAFFA, Secretary of New Mexico.

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We favor the immediate admission of the territories of New Mexico and Arizona as separate states in the Union.—Republican National Platform.

By Comparison

The terrible flood which devastated Monterey is another instance whereby New Mexico may profit from comparison.

In the entire history of our territory, there has been no great calamity. Residence in New Mexico is one of peace, under the bluest sky, in the purest air and the most healthful conditions existing anywhere in all the wide world.

Within the past few years, many localities have been visited by the scourges of nature. Earthquakes, floods, storms, and other disturbances have served to reduce great cities and provinces to huge burying grounds and piles of ruins, but in this territory there has been nothing of the sort in our entire history to disturb the tranquillity of life or to mar the beauties of a country naturally beautiful.

Within a short space of time, we can recall the Galveston flood, the San Francisco earthquake, the seismic horrors of Southern Italy, and many lesser catastrophes, where death, suffering, want and ruin came in a night.

In Sunny New Mexico, however, the sun still shines, the zephyrs still blow—a bit strenuously at times, 'tis true—but beyond the fact that now and then a resident drops off, from sheer old age after a long and successful life, there is nothing to mar the wanted calm.

Let us therefore again be thankful that we live in Albuquerque, Santa Fe, Las Vegas, Roswell, Isleta or Tres Piedras, and not in the balance of a stricken world.

Give 'em the Limit

The American Bar association, in its attempt to offer something in the way of a care for desertion of family, doesn't go far enough. It proposes to put the deserter in prison for not more than a year and make him pay to the deserted 50 cents a day from his earnings as a convict.

This will be well enough, provided that 50 cents represents his entire earnings per diem.

The theory that convicts should not be turned loose with nothing is very beautiful as a general proposition based on mercy and humaneness, but there are at least two sorts of brutes whom merciful theories don't reach—wife-beaters and the contemptible wretches who desert their little children. Lock up either of these sorts and the chances are ten to one that the innocent wives and children suffer the most, mentally and physically.

If anything at all can be got out of the deserter of family, get it all. Certain it is that the convict who deserves to be turned loose to a diet of uncut grass is the fellow who has run away and left his own little children to starve for all he cares.

This is the silly season when a lot of New Mexico people are coming home from California, worn and haggard after a "vacation," short of money and shorter of pleasant recollections. There are some, however, who come trooping into town from New Mexico mountains, with enough money to pay the grocery bill in advance and fish stories to tell, that would stagger—even an editor.

There must have been something wrong at Dallas, N. M., when seventeen freight cars ran away yesterday. It is strange indeed when freight cars without an engine attached will run, whereas Santa Fe passenger cars aided by the most powerful locomotives, are running about a day behind time.

In trying to shoot a bird, District Attorney Hervey of Roswell shot the top out of his buggy. Should the district attorney ever feel that he has a grudge against any member of the Citizen staff, he is respectfully requested to come after said member with a loaded shot gun.

On Saturday, Santa Fe will hold a special election to take into her city limits enough additional territory to bring her population up to 12,000. Now the question is, what are we going to do about it, when the census taker comes around?

A Kansas City man has invented a machine that will kill ten thousand flies an hour. Many an Albuquerque man has killed ten thousand flies in less than an hour, while trying to get a snatch of sleep about daylight in the morning.

Nathan Jaffa, territorial secretary, says that he is not going to resign, despite the statement in the Las Vegas Optic to the effect that he had quit. As the report came solely from the Optic, no further denial was necessary.

That earthquake in Panama would indicate that in digging the canal some over zealous workman dug too deep. More care should be exercised in this respect. There is no necessity in digging the big ditch so deep.

All of the New Mexico silver tongues are puzzling their heads these days thinking up witty things to get off, in case by any chance they are permitted to make even a little speech, when the president comes to Albuquerque.

The decision that Judge Abbott recently handed down to the effect that a telephone company can not charge for installing a telephone, is about the only loophole the average citizen has found of beating the game.

Harriman's life must be carefully guarded, if he is to regain his health. Supposing he were to stop railroad and stock manipulations and expend a little of his energies in building libraries?

In making Thaw librarian at Matteawan, the authorities of that institution show commendable foresight. What Harry really needs is a dip into something besides French literature.

A Chicago doctor says mince pie is good for indigestion and should be eaten for breakfast. Now that obscure doctor has a larger practice than he can attend to.

The report from Salvador, that a revolution is feared, indicates that some general must have been caught in the act of talking with two or three men in one group.

Madam Sweet-Lamb's statement that the new hats are very pretty but more costly, is doubtless not expected to cheer up the married men.

The Highland street car system appears to be a certainty. It will likely be built and in operation before we get that new sewer system.

Lots of people come to New Mexico to live, but when they get older they go back to the states to die and be buried.

Police Methods Should Be Reformed

"Unless police conditions in American cities improve, the people will demand radical changes—perhaps as England made under Peel, when it put the London police under the control of a national government."

There is the prediction of Sir Robert Anderson, K. C. B., retired head of the famous Scotland Yard, in an article written for this paper. Sir Robert has been called "the greatest policeman in Europe," and is continually being borrowed by foreign governments. He is an expert in police regulation.

Condemning the "third degree" as barbaric, and asserting that American people do not trust their police, Sir Robert ends with a short, significant statement of the effectiveness of London police.

In the metropolitan police district live 2,250,000 people. Last year there were 12 murders, 35 cases of manslaughter, 69 robberies, 547 burglaries in all that vast territory.

There is much for city officials and police officers to think about in Sir Robert's article, which follows:

By Sir Robert Anderson, K. C. B.
To British police officials the revelation of the "third degree" methods, as they are called, used by the American police to extract evidence from persons accused of crime, seem to savor of Oriental barbarism.

Even the French system of questioning prisoners, though abhorrent to British notions, affords neither precedent nor parallel for the one which prevails in America. In France the interrogation of an accused person is a formal magisterial inquiry. The magistrate sits at one side of the table, the prisoner at the other. An official stenographer attends to report the proceedings. Even with these precautions, the



SIR ROBERT ANDERSON.

system is liable to great abuses, and only a few years ago a prominent magistrate was summarily dismissed for having recourse to methods of the kind which the American police are said to adopt to wear out and bully the accused.

In England no investigation of this kind is tolerated. A too communicative prisoner is checked by a warning that what he says may be used against him. An intelligent police officer will encourage his prisoner to talk, but he must not question him and any abuse of his opportunities of getting information in this way would be severely dealt with.

These old-fashioned ways that characterize the English police administration have one result which visitors to England often notice with surprise—the police are the friends of the people.

When an Englishman, strange in London, applies to the London police for aid of any kind, the particulars of his case are usually communicated to the police of his home town. Experience has proved that if a man objects to revelations of his affairs to his own police there is generally a sinister motive for his objection.

Americans, however, do not come under this rule. Trans-Atlantic visitors who are men of high character and excellent reputations often protest against the practice. They declare that the American police will use the information to blackmail them on their return home.

I do not assume that such fears are well founded. I merely state the fact—for it is a fact, within my own experience of police administration in London—that Americans have no confidence in the police of their own country.

The metropolitan police system of London was created by a great statesman and administrator—Sir Robert Peel. It was the result of years of study, and took the department out of the hands of city authorities, and vested it in the home office of the national government.

Abuses, similar to those attracting attention in America, led to Peel's intervention. I firmly believe that unless police conditions in many of America's chief cities improve, reforms as radical as Peel's will be required. London has had splendid results from the Peel system. One is in the character of the men. This was kept up at first by iron discipline and unflinching vigilance. Now it maintains itself through long traditions and the

"spirit of the department." I know of cases where officers—even retired—refused large sums of money for information they had gained in the course of police duty. I do not pretend that such a high sense of honor is universal. I do assert that it is typical. Of course, we have black sheep, but the sentiment of the force is against them and generally detected. Their comrades would not shield them.

It would be highly invidious for me to compare the crimes of London with those of the large cities of the United States, but a few figures will enable others to frame such a comparison.

London's metropolitan police district embraces an area of 700 square miles, with a population of 7,250,000. One year ago the reported murders were only 12. Fifteen or 16 has been the average for many years. Reported manslaughter cases were 35, the robberies 69, the burglaries 547—an unusually large number. The actual loss incident to these crimes was returned at \$672,000. This it must be remembered, is in an area where the rateable value of property for police purposes is \$258,193,285.

It should be borne in mind, too, that it is much more difficult to police a town of 7,000,000 than to police three separate towns totaling that number of inhabitants.

The Dollar Mark

The origin of the sign \$, as representing the unit of our money system, has long been the subject of discussion and not a little doubt. It has been variously accounted for, the derivations generally advanced being:

1. A combination of the letters U. S. in the adoption of the federal constitution these initials were prefixed to the federal currency, and, according to many who have given study to the subject, the two letters were simply run together so as to make the magic \$, the loop of the U. disappearing in the operation.

2. An adaptation or modification of s-s once used to denote a piece of eight reals, or, as a dollar was then called, a piece of eight.

3. A form of H. S., which was used to mark the Roman unit of money.

4. A contraction of P. and S., used in Spanish accounts to indicate peso, (dollar).

5. A device formerly seen on the reverse of a Mexican Pillar dollar (a Spanish coin), representing the Pillars of Hercules, connected by a scroll displaying the words Plus Ultra.

6. A contraction of the Spanish "fuertes" (hard), to distinguish the silver, or hard, dollar from paper money.

In all of these cases it must be admitted that there is no little speculation, and up to this time there is no prospect that the question will ever be definitely settled. The student of the subject can take his choice, and doubtless will be able to find some kind of authority for any one of these diverse explanations.

William Collier Works a Miracle

Everybody got acquainted in the last three rows of a Broadway trolley car the other day, all owing to the presence of William Collier. Broadway has not known him, nor the Lambs' club, either, since the mournful-faced but nimble-minded comedian hopped his way out of the Gayety theatre at the end of the run of "The Man From Mexico." There is a new millionaire along Millionaire's Row at St. James, Long Island, and this is Mr. Collier—with a million laughs to his credit for every dollar possessed by his neighbors. But the other day a little note signed "C. F." brought the comedian back to New York restoring him to the mercies of the jostling, hustling crowd between the 34th street ferry and Broadway. Entirely in a mechanical way the actor accepted the transfer proffered by the conductor, had his ride uptown, called at his manager's office, and then "just a look in" at the Lambs' club. But like a dutiful commuter he felt that he must get that 6:15 boat back to St. James, no matter whose story he interrupted by rushing away from the club.

When "Fares" thrust his hand under Mr. Collier's nose, it seemed the most natural thing in the world for the comedian to dip into his pocket and hand him the transfer procured early in the morning. But he was soon brought to his senses by a loud yell—"That's three hours old."

"Yes, I know," Mr. Collier answered, "but isn't it pretty?"

And then the cold countenance of the human conductor cracked and cracked as might the side of a blank wall until it unfolded into a smile, then a grin and finally a long, reverberating laugh. It was a modern miracle wrought along a busy way, and Mr. Collier could not let it go without comment.

"Look at him!" he shouted to everybody about him, at the same time jumping up from his seat. "I give you my word, he's laughing—the hardest audience in the world. I have made a Broadway conductor laugh during working hours. I am content."

CLIPPINGS From The Press

RUN OVER BY TRAIN.

Juan Alderete, a native of Las Cruces, was run over by the cantaloupe train last Saturday and was crushed to death. No one saw him until the whole train had passed over his body, therefore it is not known how the accident occurred.—Las Cruces Citizen.

SLAKE IN HIS HOUSE.

E. H. Davis, who has a claim northeast of Estancia, came in from Kansas City last week, and has been doing improvement work. He has planted five acres of tree seed, and expects to put out something like twenty acres more. Tuesday morning he shot a rattlesnake near his bed in his ranch house.—Estancia News.

ALL ABOUT A BABY.

Last night a young widow arrived at the home of "Ye Editor," who has already taken charge of the home and expects are long to "run the shop." Even Ruth has come under the dominating power of the little Miss and is doing homage to her shrine. A co-incident rather remarkable is the fact that the birthday of both the young ladies was on Aug. 24. All concerned are doing well, except the "papa," who expects to be able to attend to his regular duties again next week.—Estancia News.

"HIGH-GRADERS" BUSY.

Reports from the North Star are to the effect that the company is being driven to desperate straits to stop the stealing of high-grade ore by the miners working in the shaft. So rich is the North Star rock that small quantities, easily secreted, yield rich returns. So wholesale has been the looting that it has curtailed the output of the mine and impaired the efficiency of the company's plant. The management dares not increase the force greatly by putting on numbers of strange men, until they have secured themselves against "high-grading."—Yuma Sun.

COUNTY SEAT FIGHT.

Torrance county's former county seat, Progreso, is battling in on Estancia's new court house deal. An injunction restraining county officials from starting the erection of the new court house has been asked for of Judge McFie, and a temporary injunction granted, the case to be heard on Sept. 15. We presume that this means the start of a struggle that will determine the future of the county seat, and it is well that it is so, if Estancia has any permanent claim on the county seat and county buildings, now is the time to show the rest of the county residents. The state of affairs seems to show that a great many people are from Missouri.—Moriarty Messenger.

STOLE A LOCOMOTIVE.

Through the activities and zeal of police of the Fifth detachment yesterday morning a rising industry which possibly might some day have grown into one of importance was smoothed out because of the alleged dishonest methods employed by the chief of the concern, Manuel Violante, also chief of the repair department of the national railroad shops at Santiago. On his initiative Violante had launched out in a small way to manufacture locomotives and had just completed the construction of a marvelously complete and practical locomotive of several horse power. Unfortunately for the future of his industry, however, he is alleged to have appropriated materials belonging to the National Railroads of Mexico in its construction, and to have used his own time and that of a number of men under him, paid by the company, in order to construct the machine. What use he was going to put the locomotive has not been given out.—Mexican Herald.

A MIRACLE.

W. H. Ames, a telegraph operator of Coronado, N. M., in a letter to friends in this city, tells of his remarkable transfiguration from an invalid, stricken with what is known as the telegrapher's paralysis, to his old-time vigor twelve years ago, before he was stricken. Ames attributes the change to supernatural power and says the voice of some invisible spirit whispered to him.

The following is the story told by Ames of his remarkable recovery, which he says is a miracle:

"Friday morning at 2 o'clock I was sitting in the railroad office when something seemed to whisper in my ear, 'try your right hand.' Now my right hand has been dead for these past 12 years and I thought that it would never again be of service to me, but just mechanically I tried to move it and it worked as if it never had been affected at all. I became wild with joy and tried to see if I could telegraph and it worked the same as it had always done in the days gone by. I don't know how it happened, but I can now use my hands and my friends know that for years past I have been paralyzed and unable to work with my right hand.—Las Cruces Citizen.

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